RIDE TO TOP OF MAUNA KEA

(Continued from Page 1.)

"Some parasite that fed upon the tree has died out," says the Secretary, "and the plant has its chance again."

Which utterance being official, I will let it go at that as to the forestation. The Mamane trees are coming back, at all events, and the forest line is climbing Mauna Kea. Presently, the government and the land owners will reserve all this land, and the fallen Mamane leaves will store and save the water, and the silt from the crumbling cones will pack into the low places, and streams will ripple down where the great spongy moss of the mountain now swallows thirstily all the rain that falls—and gives back but few drops to man.

The Mamane itself is a low, spreading evergreen of the widely-diversified acacia family, a cousin of the algaroba but with an apparent liking for a higher altitude. And if it continues to spread it will do for the ranchers on the slopes of Mauna Kea almost all that the algaroba has done for ranchers elsewhere. I do not know that cattle eat the seedpods of the Mamane, but they browse upon the leaves and seem to do the trees no hurt.

We had started in pommel-slickers from Humuula sheep station, riding in a little drizzle of rain that would have soaked up to the skin if we had ridden in other garb. As we rose through the forest line we rode into the body of the cloud itself, and the rain changed to a mist that was dense, but not cold.

Slowly the cloud seemed to break. We were riding out through the top of it, but that did not appear all at once. Then the sun broke, flashing, and we rode out upon a high cone of ashes and looked down upon the valley between the peaks of Hawaii as upon a rolling mass of white wool with a tinge of silver upon it.

Ahead, the jagged cones of Mauna Kea arose all about us. To the southward the sweep of the blue dome of Mauna Loa stretched in a splendid curve above the clouds, broken at its apex by the jagged edge of its central crater, and wearing small ones at intervals, strung like the jewels of a woman's necklace. To the westward, farther away, the less lofty top of Hualalai pierced the clouds sharply—a jagged pe k.

OLD HAWAIIAN QUARRY.

Up and still upward we rode, our horses feeling the great elevation seemingly as little as we did ourselves, on their backs. Now the formation changed, and from riding up cinder cones we began a steeper climb along a ridge marked by an old lava flow broken by the action of frost and snow into jagged boulders. There was no snow, here, but traces of its action were very apparent on all parts of the mountain above 10,000 feet elevation.

Presently there appeared, far ahead of, and still a long distance above, us, what seemed in the distance a dump pile from an abandoned mine.

"There," said Rawhide Ben, "is where the natives used to come in the old days to chip out the rude forms of their stone adzes from the hard rock of the mountains, carrying the implements down into the lowlands to perfect and polish them afterwards."

We rode on, still climbing, and presently took off our hats to the shades of the men of the Stone Age. Here they had lived and wrought in a time that is fading very fast into the past; that is, the past of our own race. It is not many centuries ago that these men of Hawaii were at the stage that our own forbears reached, and passed 10,000 years ago. Here were the caves in which they dwelt, with rude stone walls built up in front to shelter them from the cold winds of the mountain. Here were the ledges of hard, black, basaltic rock which was the material most prized in the making of their implements—of war, of fishing, of agriculture, for the service of the gods and the chiefs. Here, covering several acres in different places, were piles of sharp chips from the tough stone, beaten off through many a weary day of patient labor. Here, where each workman had sat in the quarry, there was a little depression around which he had slowly built up his own pile of chips. "How long, oh Lord, how long!"

To climb to this height, to delve and dig and chip at hard stone through the long days, to carry down the masses of stone for the polisher and to carry up food and wood and even, it might be, water to the quarrymen, to live and even to die, as some must have died, there above the clouds while the warm rains were marching across the sunny isles far below and lazy plenty waited on the happy dwellers by the fragrant beaches! Surely that was a fate that was filled with bitter pain.

WORKED BY SLAVES.

It is said that slaves, taken in war, worked these quarries. Let us hope that it was so. A slave taken in war would have felt something in his life, at least, when the hot lust of battle ran in his brain, and the sun shone red through the red blood of the foes of his hate. And he could still beat in the skull of his enemy while he beat out his own life upon the black basalt. A slave taken in battle has had his chance.

The old quarries are at an elevation of 12,500 feet. From here the highest point of the mountain comes plainly into view, rising beside a cone that is an absolutely perfect circular crater. It looks, this little crater, as though it might have shot out its vomit of cinders and red ash but yesterday, before going to sleep. It is sleeping most profoundly now, and a little dot of white snow nestled at its feet feels none of the heat that must have radiated from it in its waking days.

From the quarries it looks an easy ride to the highest summit through a gentle valley that seems to lead right to the top. It is really very hard—the hardest stretch of all. The summit cone—in reality a double cone, is steep and is of red cinders; and the horses, beginning now to feel the great elevation, even as we ourselves do a little, find the footing difficult and the climbing steep. We zigzag backward and forward, each rider following in the guide's steps, and make many stops in the last 500 feet—more, indeed, than in all the climbing that has gone before.

THE SUMMIT REACHED.

And then, we are at the summit—and through the clouds that have partly broken away below us we catch glimpses of the sea and of the distant sunny vales of Hawaii. At our feet, almost, the plains of Humuula lie spread out like a map, and beyond, above the clouds, are Mauna Loa, with its yawning mouth open to heaven, and Hualalai and, far in the distance, the blue outline of Haleakala. It must be a magnificent view on a clear day. It was rarely beautiful, in its sweep and in its coloring, on the day that we saw it.

At the highest point, an elevation of 13,825 feet, a mound of rocks is built, and in this a can lies that contained lists of the names of those who, in recent years, had climbed the mountain, and deposits of silver money made toward a fund for a monument there, and divers articles, the leaving of which had suited the taste and fancy of the depositor. One had left a small compass, another a bunch of sulplur matches, another a brass button, another a penny.

We copied the names of those who had been there before us, and left our own and gave each a bit of silver for the Summit Monument. Then we bethought ourselves that as the sum in the can had reached the amount of $4.65, it was time some steps were taken looking to the carrying out of the purposes of the contributors. And so we then and there perfected the organization of the Mauna Kea Association, Limited, and elected Joseph G. Pratt president, Eben P. Low secretary and collector and A. L. C. Atkinson treasurer. The amount of the collection was turned over to the treasurer, and it was determined that any person who has made the ascent of Mauna Kea, the highest point in the Hawaiian Islands, shall be eligible for membership upon proof that he has been on top of the mountain, and that each member contributing to the monument fund shall receive a certificate stating the date of his ascent and acknowledging the amount of his contribution.

It was not determined definitely what kind of monument would be erected, but there will be a register for climbers, and some kind of tablet. Eben Low will receive contributions and transmit them to the treasurer, and the certificates of membership will be prepared at once.

ELIGIBLE TO MEMBERSHIP.

Herewith is a list of the names found at the summit, with the dates set down by the several parties of climbers:

Made the summit July 18, 1904, at 3 p. m. T. A. Mitchell, W. R. N. Kayser, D. E. Kuhns, D. Thaanum. And we hope you feel as well as we do. May these few articles come in handy (1 button, 1 small pocket compass and 1 package matches). (D. T.)

February 26, 1905. Left Kaleleha House at 6:45 a. m.; arrived at summit at 11 a. m. All's well! Rawhide Ben.

February 26, 1905. We all feel well. Rawhide Ben, Capt. John Ross, Chas. K. Maguire, Henry P. Beckley, Paka Wahamana, Ioane Haa. Be gracious and spare the quarter. (25c. was deposited in contribution tin this date.)

August 11, 1905. Rawhide Ben; W. H. Pickering, W. T. Pickering, Cambridge, Mass.; Guy H. Gere, C. S. Holloway, Alex. MacAshley.

Saturday, 1:22 p. m., October 7, 1905. Ivy K. Richardson, Ernest Napela Parker, Kealaha Naone, Ernest Campbell, Manl. Cordeiro, Charlie Akona.

February 25, 1906. Rawhide Ben; Jacob H. Wood, Boston, Mass.; James R. Judd.

May 22, 1906. Eva K. Woods, Elsa Bell, Annie Hattie, Bella H. Woods, Sam Purdy, Ioane.

June 24, 1906. A. L. C. Atkinson, James Austin Wilder, Sol. N. Sheridan, Joseph G. Pratt, Rawhide Ben.

THE CRATER LAKE.

After the organization of the association, we mounted our horses and rode to the top of the twin cone, at a little lower elevation than the summit proper—and looked down upon a field of snow having a front of several hundred yards in length. Of course, we rode to it. It was so white and beautiful that we had thought we would have ridden into it—but we found, upon approach, that it was caked hard—a frozen mass of glacial snow, each tiny, beautiful flake a gleaming crystal. It was difficult to break off bits to eat from the hard points into which the winds and the sun had shaped it, but how good it was! Fancy eating snow here in Hawaii, and blowing upon your pallid fingers afterward to thaw them out!

The face of that snowbank was higher than the head of a man on horseback, and presumably it is there the year around. At such an elevation, at all events, it can melt but slowly.

From the snow we rode down to the Crater Lake, a clear green pool covering an area of two acres, perhaps, and sheltered in a cup-shaped depression at an elevation of 12,000 feet. It was once said of this, as of all crater lakes, that it is bottomless. Like all such sayings, too, this one has been proven a fallacy. I do not know the figures, but men have come with long lines and shattered the former faith. Men with long lines are the iconoclasts of old beliefs.

We had no lines—but we lunched at the lake and the Secretary and the Postmaster would have shied stones across it. They failed ignominiously. So did Jimmie, who had vainglioriously boasted, all the way to it, that he would swim the puddle. But Jimmie has the artistic temperament, and so was expected to be long on promise and short on performance. All those artist fellows are like that.

"Now," said Rawhide Ben, as we rode away from the lake, "we will try a little rough-riding."

And Rawhide Ben, when it comes to finding rough country, is short neither on promise nor performance. He can find and ride through more rough country than any man I ever saw. That is all right, if he likes it. When it comes to finding it and leading me to ride through it—well, that is different. I did not know before how many kinds of an idiot I could be. To be perfectly frank, I do not know now—but I added a large assortment to the collection of a long life in that ride down Mauna Kea.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

If Rawhide Ben had taken us down by the way that we came up, it would have been easy enough. He took us down by a way that was one long and hard scramble over great masses of loose and rotten lava, and slipping sand, and once, in the middle of this, he led us across a gulch where I did not think anything could go without wings. I have more faith in my horse since seeing him cross that place—but I own I did not have faith enough in him before. I got off and walked. So did the Postmaster. And that is plenty good company for me.

Afterwards, when we had had the coldest drink I have ever taken in these islands, from a mountain spring at an elevation of 10,500 feet that is probably seepage from the Crater Lake, Rawhide Ben and the Secretary went off to shoot wild bullocks, leaving the balance of us hanging in the air on a pinnacle just above the forest line, to which we had descended by a series of long slides. They did not get the bullock, of which I was very glad. I had, at the moment, a great and abiding sympathy for all hunted and tortured wild things. And I was pretty wild, too.

However, I grew tamer as we neared the plain which is the saddle between the mountains, and I galloped to Humuula at least as fresh as a green man could be after such an experience—and with enough of glory achieved for one day. A mighty few men have conquered Mauna Kea. Fewer have come down it, as I did, by a kind of wobbly tobogganing that leaves a man with a sense of uncertainty, for a night and a day, as to whether he is really alive from the waist down.

LITERARY EXERCISES

(Continued from Page 1.)

and a prophet and as one of the front men among the younger orators of the United States.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

"The vision of yesterday becomes the reality of today," said the speaker in beginning his oration. "The visionary of today is canonized in the art and life of tomorrow. To be behind the times is the fate of most of us; to be abreast of the times the good fortune of a few; to be in advance of the times the lone distinction of the prophet. The initial impulse of progress is with the man of vision. First a Garrison; after that, a Grant is possible.

"It is a curious fact that at the beginning of the Christian era, there were two men—one a Greek, the other a Roman—both of whom foreshadowed the discovery of a new world. The first was Strabo, the Greek traveler and geographer; the second was Seneca, the moralist and philosopher. Over fourteen centuries before Columbus fought out the issue with the bigots of his time, Strabo was teaching that the earth was round. And if you turn to Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus" you will find that he has inscribed on the title page these words from the Media of Seneca—I quote from Archbishop Whately's translation: "There shall come a time in later ages, when ocean shall relax his chains and a vast continent appear, and a pilot shall find new worlds, and Thule shall be no more earth's bound." Lord Bacon, in speaking of this utterance, called it "A prophecy of the discovery of America."

"If you care to trace this curiously intricate line of prophecy through the medieval ages, turn to Humboldt's critical examination of the history of the geography of this continent, and that other book, unquestionably his greatest, the "Kosmos." For the present I take up the thread at the point where Columbus worked out his great design. I refer to a single utterance, that of the Italian poet Pulci, a friend of Lorenzo de Medici, which utterance in itself is enough to explode the popular fancy, that the conception of a new world was born in the mind of Columbus. I quote from the poet's work brought out eleven years before Columbus sailed. The translation is that of our own Prescott, and you will find the verses in his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella."

"Know that this theory is false; his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
"Men shall descry another hemisphere.
Since to one common center all things tend;
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light."

"That which had been the vague vision of Strabo and Seneca, the burden of the verse of Pulci, came, under the indomitable energy of Columbus, to be a substantial fact. From the moment the gates of the new world were flung open, men of discernment saw that the course of empire must be towards the golden West. Very few, however, began to realize what the westward movement really meant. It was the pouring of old wine into new bottles. Four mighty empires had risen in the world's history, and passed away. What did the steady tramping of the countless thousands mean? It meant that America was to be "the seat of the fifth empire." Nearly two centuries ago Bishop Berkeley wrote the words we quote so often:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

"The Pilgrims drilled into a granite boulder on the shore of Monument Bay, a text for Bishop Berkeley's inspired lines:

"The eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
An empire rises where the sun descends."

"And yet, it could not be expected that the old world would understand. The eighteenth century had nearly completed its cycle of events before that which had been the prophet's vision began to be considered seriously by practical men. Suddenly the whole world seemed to be keyed to a new idea. The revolutionary war was the logical outcome of the world's thought. In a work published just before the breaking out of that war, occurs this remarkable passage: 'An idea, strange as it is visionary, has entered into the minds of the generality of mankind, that empire is traveling westward; and everyone is looking forward, with eager expectation, to that destined moment when America is to give the law to the rest of the world.' The destined moment came when the Declaration of Independence was drawn and signed by that heroic band, again in '61, and yet once again when the guns of our American fleet thundered forth in Manila Bay their world-shaking message, America was giving the law to the rest of the world.

"At the heart of every great society there is some vital, actuating principle. Among the Spartans, it was patriotism; among the Jews, it was religion; among the French, at the time of the Revolution, it was liberty. Among the Americans it has ever been—at least in theory,—the idea of equality. 'We hold these truths to be self-evident,' reads that great document, 'that all men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' No word can ever displace that great utterance. That sentence stands as the final expression of the American idea, which is that of equality.

"The greatest battle of the world's history is being fought out today. It is the battle for equality. We are trying, on this American continent, to do something that has never been accomplished before—to upbuild a nation on this principle. Not a people known to history, under whatever form of government, despotism, monarchy, republic—not one but has had its caste system. And God's curse is on a caste system, whether it be the aristocracy of England, or the petty social distinctions of a country town. In spite of birth, culture, wealth, position, influence, no man is better than any other man, unless he is better. God's curse is on all artificial aristocracy. His benediction is on the aristocracy of manhood everywhere.

"Loosely speaking, there can be but two types of government, the Aristocratic and the Democratic; one founded upon the presumption of an inherent inequality; the other upon the assertion of a fundamental equality among men. Every government of despotic or aristocratic tendency assumes that some men, by virtue of their belonging to a certain race or class, are by nature superior to other men. A Democracy assumes that all men are born equal. Every man has a right to an equal opportunity with every other man in the pursuit of happiness; and a Democracy is that form of government which undertakes to assure to every man that right. A privileged class is a direct violation of the initial principle of Democracy, the reign of the people. One reason why the Old World fails today to understand the New World, is because she has not yet grasped, even theoretically, the central idea around which we are organized. It took us nearly a century to get hold of it ourselves. The Civil War is the price we paid for the mastery of our own idea.

"What now shall we say of the golden future? The past is no longer in our keeping. We must move forward to meet the grave issues of tomorrow. Our battlecry must be equality—the universal brotherhood; this is the new law we are to give the world. The struggle has only begun. If only we can hold to our idea. If only it is not lost through the greed of selfish interests, or swallowed up in the whirlpool of party strife. If only we can remember the old days, and the old names. If only we can convince the world that we unsheath the sword only in the sacred name of love, and in the interest of humanity. If only we do not forget; then the vision that is before our eyes tonight will become the reality of tomorrow.

"And as Egypt stands in history for the idea of priesthood, Assyria for the idea of empire, Greece for the idea of art, Rome for the idea of law, America will stand for ever and ever for the eternally-wedded principles of righteousness and truth. To this end we memorialize this great day of our past; and unite in the splendid refrain of Kipling: 'Lord, God of hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget; lest we forget.'"

DIAMOND HEAD CLUB ENTERTAINS

The Diamond Head Athletic Club's musical and athletic entertainment at the Opera House last evening was lightly attended, but the program was excellent throughout. The club was assisted by Mr. Ernest Kaai, and several well-known people who are familiar on the amateur stage.

Wm. Chillingworth's composition for the mandolin, "On the Fourth of July" was the opening number, and this was followed by a bag punching exhibition by Mr. Spitzer. Miss Ritchie Unauwa played a harp-zither solo and the Diamond Head quartet sang "The Old Plantation" in a creditable manner. Messrs. O'Neill, G. Schaefer, C. D. Wright and Ernest Kaai played a banjo selection and then Guy Livingston gave a five minute monologue, just "Hot Air."

Ernest Grune gave a Xylophone solo and members of Company F, N. G. H., gave their famous silent bayonet drill. The Diamond Heads gave some fancy indoor athletic work, comprising pyramid building, etc., and Mrs. Alapai sang in her excellent manner, "The Parting." James Dougherty sang a tenor solo in an unsually captivating manner and the entertainment concluded with a zither solo by Ernest Bischof and a cornet solo by Prof. D. Alfonso.

MANOA GOLF CLUB.

All members of the Manoa Golf Club are hereby notified that the club will surrender its club-house on or about July 10, 1906. All clubs and supplies must be removed from the lockers on or before said date.

WADE WARREN THAYER,
Secretary.
Honolulu, July 3, 1906. 7459

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Joseph P. Medeiros of Waialua and Louis Warren of Ewa, Island of Oahu, have on the 1st day of July, 1906, formed a copartnership under the firm name and style of Waialua Wine Company for the purpose of dealing in liquors at Waialua, Oahu.

L. WARREN,
JOSEPH P. MEDEIROS.
Dated, Honolulu, July 3, 1906. 7459

NOTICE.

Assessment No. 1, of 40 per cent., or $10 per share, has been called on the capital stock of the Oahu Country Club, due on July 1, 1906, and payable at the office of the treasurer, 606 Stangenwald Building.

All persons who have signified their intention of joining the club, but have not signed the subscription list, are requested to call at the office of the undersigned and do so.

J. O. YOUNG, Treasurer,
Oahu Country Club.
Honolulu, June 25, 1906. 7451

NOTICE.

As Mr. Keizaburo Kodama severed his connection with us on the 7th inst., notice is hereby given that the undersigned has nothing to do with the said gentleman hereafter in a business way or otherwise.

(Signed) MORI SHOTEN.
Kealakekua, Hawaii, June 20, 1906. 7449

BIDS FOR SUPPLIES. Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station, Honolulu, T. H., June 21, 1906.—Bids for supplies for the Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, will be received for water pipe, corrugated iron, tanks and lumber, all to be delivered at the office of the station, head of Pensacola street, Honolulu, on or before October 31, 1906, all complete and in good condition: Twelve thousand feet galvanized, standard w. i., one-inch water pipe; four hundred split redwood fence posts; four thousand feet N. W. lumber, 2"x6"x24; twelve tons 24-gauge galvanized corrugated iron, 8ft. lengths; one thirty thousand-gallon redwood 3-inch tank; two sixty thousand-gallon 3-inch redwood tanks; four five thousand-gallon 2-inch redwood tanks. Bids will be received on each item or on the whole up to 2 p. m., July 21, 1906, on forms which may be obtained at this office. Bids must be submitted in sealed envelopes marked "Proposals for Supplies, Hawaii Experiment Station." The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. JARED G. SMITH, Temporary Special Disbursing Agent, U. S. Department of Agriculture. 7449

HAWAII EXPERIMENT STATION, Honolulu, T. H., June 25, 1906.—Bids will be received until 2 p. m. July 14, 1906, on certain repairs and additions to residences Nos. 1, 2 and 3 at the Station. Specifications and forms may be obtained on application. JARED G. SMITH, Special Agent in Charge. 7451